

With the Indians in Alaska

When we grow discontented, as we sometimes do, with our environment; annoyed because the old shades are faded, and we cannot afford new ones; the carpets shabby and the purse too flat to replace them with finer and more modish fabrics; when we compare ourselves with our neighbors and are vexed at a their spirit and rapacity as our own, we may find a tonic in making a pilgrimage to an Alaskan home, says a writer in the Christian Herald. The red man in Alaska, living with primitive simplicity, is satisfied with a fire on the hearth, even if it burns in a smoky chimney and the roof is blackened with the soot. He asks for no luxurious easy chairs. A bench running around the walls of the living room fills his ideal of comfort. Thick clothing is a must-be, and he and his family is fortunate if they are swathed in thick woollens, or furnished with skins. The spoils of his hunting and trapping must bring what money he requires, and at all times pelts may be seen drying from poles and bars propped up against the ceiling. Outdoors, the Indian condescends to hunt and fish, but within his home he is an indolent, living in lazy inertia, and waited upon hand and foot, by his womankind. To the children he is not unkind, and they group about him, as bears' cubs in the den. It is hard to be sick in such a home as the one our artist has photographed, and as there is very little of tender ministry or patient care-taking, those who are too ill to rally under Nature's handling, usually die, and are little mourned. Gentleness and sympathy are qualities which come from civilization.

Much missionary work is being done in Alaska, and schools are being established for the little ones. A generation hence, an Alaskan house, even

deer, he was much exhausted on the way home, and someone offered to carry his rifle for him. Roosevelt almost indignantly declined the proffered assistance, and, although almost ready to drop in his tracks from weariness, he clung to his rifle and struggled through to the end of the journey. On another occasion he had a long chase after a game rooster that had escaped from his coop, and pursued the bird through the village streets, over fences and through yards, until finally it flew into an open window in the second story of a house. Nothing daunted, Roosevelt got a ladder and climbed into the house, presently emerging with the fowl squaling and struggling in his arms. He had actually crawled under an old woman's bed to get that rooster.

When Roosevelt went west to become a ranchman he took "Bill" Sewall and Wilbur Dow along with him and kept them in his employ for some years. Dow died in the west, but Sewall came back to Maine and is still living at Island Falls, where he delights to tell of the days he spent with Theodore Roosevelt. He says that at the time of the chase and capture of the game cock an aged settler of Island Falls, admiring the persistence and determination of young Roosevelt, said: "That young feller'll be president some day, if he lives."—New York Tribune.

POWER OF ONE WORD.

Breaks Up Supper Party, at Which One Chair Was Vacant.

On the morning of March 13, 1889, news of special import from the Philippines went coursing through the nation. In a certain half hour's fighting thirty-seven volunteers had been shot—killed and wounded. Scattered

talk; we tried to eat; but somehow we couldn't. The waiters brought the second course. We tried again; it was no use. Just then a man passed down the corridor outside toward the elevator. The second hush had fallen on us when there came the single exclamation—"Down!" With one accord we looked into each other's filling eyes. Then our visions focused on—Jim Townsend's vacant chair. We rose in silence and left the room. There are no joys so keen as those which we ten men had known through four years; there is no sorrow so keen as that which we nine knew that night.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HIS NERVE WAS GOOD.

Cool Drummer Allows Cowboy to Shoot Away His Pipe.

"I was sitting on the veranda of a far western hotel one afternoon," said the Boston drummer, according to the Galveston News, "and was calmly smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw, when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a native down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me. They were a wild lot around there, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe. The chances were in favor of the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I made up my mind to let him shoot, and pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you that in the ten or fifteen seconds of waiting the sweat came out at every pore and my heart pounded my ribs sore. I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun, and knew that the bullet had passed through the pipe. I got a brace with my hands and feet and waited for the second bullet, and it went through the bowl

ON EXILE'S LIFE

THE RUSSIAN SYSTEM OF BANISHMENT IS DESCRIBED.

There has been a great deal of sympathy wasted upon Siberian exiles, writes William E. Curtis from St. Petersburg. While there have doubtless been innumerable cases of injustice and brutality, for Russian officials are corrupt and cruel, and the Slavs, as a race, have always regarded human suffering with indifference, nevertheless, under ordinary circumstances, the majority of those who have been banished to Siberia are much better off than they were at home and ought to consider themselves fortunate to escape imprisonment for a term of years. The caravans of convicts, whose misery and anguish have aroused so much horror and indignation in civilized countries have not usually undergone any greater hardships than were borne by the pioneers who crossed our own prairies to Colorado, Montana and California before the overland railroads were built. And, upon arriving at their destinations, unless they were guilty of serious crimes, their surroundings and circumstances were often much better than those of the men who developed the wealth of the mountains and the prairies west of the Mississippi river. The life of a miner or a ranchman or a farmer in Siberia, whether he be an emigrant or a convict suffering banishment, offers infinitely greater advantages for moral and material improvement than can be found in any of the great Russian cities, and in the great majority of cases what was imposed as a punishment turned out to be a blessing, for many of the wealthiest and most influential men in Siberia are exiles who have found unlimited opportuni-

ties for the exercise of their talents and industry. The exile system was adopted by Nicholas I., "the iron czar," with the idea of utilizing convict labor for the development of the timber, pastoral and agricultural resources of the vast region beyond the Caucasus mountains, and, instead of sending convicts to prison, shipped them into the wilderness to work out their small salvation under the surveillance of the police. They were ticket-of-leave men. They were permitted to go and come and do whatever their hands found to do, and enjoy the fruits of their industry without interference from the authorities so long as they remained in the neighborhood of the community to which they were assigned. Good behavior was rewarded by additional liberty. Exiles who proved trustworthy were allowed the privileges of ordinary citizens and were sometimes permitted on parole to return to their old homes in Russia to visit their parents or attend to business affairs. No one was chained either on the march or after arrival unless he had committed a capital crime, or had tried to escape, or was refractory or had violated the orders or the rules imposed upon him. The heartrending pictures drawn by Mr. Kennan and other writers were often accurate, but the figures who appeared in them were usually men who had aroused the hostility of the officials by resistance or defiance and were punished for that reason.

There is nothing true or good or beautiful, which, if contemplated or done in the right spirit, is not also religious.

Her Wealth a Burden

Vast Riches Cause Great Worry to a Former Pauper.

For a year and a half an inmate of an institution for the poor, Mrs. Ellen Cushing of Chicago, is now burdened with wealth and is more unhappy by far than when a pauper dependent upon others for the necessities of life. Broken in health and spirit by old age and the vicissitudes of former years, worried by a legion of petty annoyances, she is now in New York, left to be divided between herself and four sisters, is only a scurvy trick that fate has played upon her.

Her friends say the inheritance will kill her. They tell of hundreds of letters she receives from persons who seek to take advantage of her feebleness and obtain a portion of her riches. Some of these are the letters of professional beggars, who recite harrowing tales of poverty and distress, and ask for amounts ranging from \$5 to \$500. Others are from promoters of enterprises, such as mines in Alaska, the search of sunken treasure, the completion of flying machines and perpetual motion contrivances, who would accept in trust all her money were she willing. These are read nervously as fast as they are received, and are much to blame for her present condition.

Mrs. Cushing will receive her inheritance November 28, and what she will do with the money the beneficiary has not the slightest idea. Now she is not content to live in any one place but moves about from the home of

one friend to that of another, unhappy in the possession of her great riches.

The Drum in Warfare.

In 1865 the Italian minister of war, Signor Ricotti, abolished the drum in the Italian army. For nine years a crusade in its favor has been carried on, and at length its return to the country has been arranged. One or more of the 1,200 drums which have been ordered from a Milan maker, improvement on the old ones, are now only to weigh four pounds, as against the previous seventeen pounds.

France's Submarine Fleet.

By 1906 France will have a fleet of 45 submarine boats when the present programme is fulfilled. Twenty submarine boats have been laid down this year, and owing to this large number will be laid down in 1902. Five more will be begun in 1903 and in 1904 25 more will be undertaken. Three will be ready next year, and 17 more in 1903.

American Servants Want Too Much.

A writer in a German paper declares that servants in the United States are only half as much work, demand twice as much free time and four times as much wages as servants do in Germany.

An Isolated Land

Scottish Islanders Who Live in Practical Ignorance of the World.

It is interesting to note that the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, lying off the west coast of Scotland, only have communications with the mainland during three months of the year, from the beginning of June to the end of August. In these months it is visited by excursion steamers perhaps half a dozen times; for the rest of the year its inhabitants know as much about British affairs as do the Eskimos of the north. If King Edward were to die tomorrow, or London be burned down, they would learn of the event for the first time next June. But while unable to receive communication except during the period mentioned they have a quaint seapost. Whenever they desire to communicate with the mainland they put their letters, with coins for postage, into a tin box or a bottle, which is enclosed in a rough-shaped tiny boat, with the words "Please open" cut on top, and a bladder full of air attached. This is thrown into the sea at certain tides, and so carried to the Hebridean shores, or maybe to the coast of Norway.

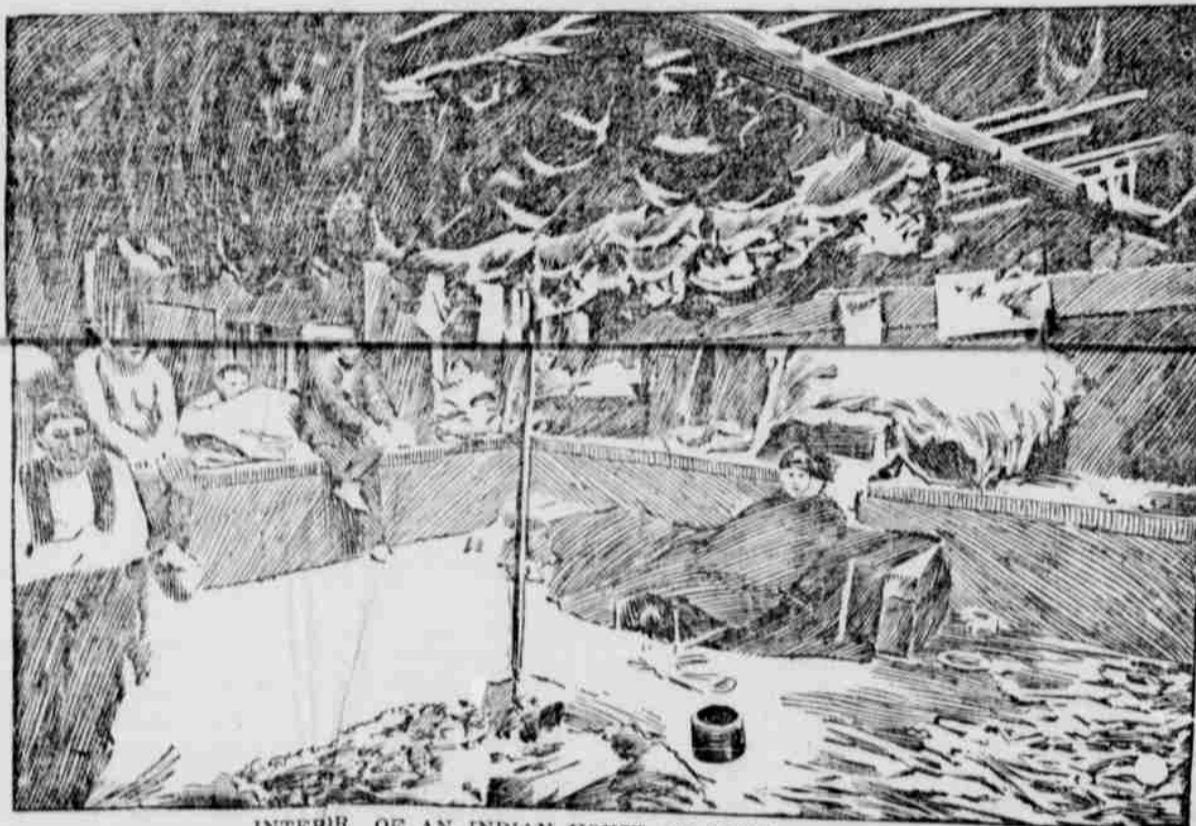
The group of islands of which St. Kilda is the chief, has an area of 4,000 square miles. The climate is mild

owing to the Gulf stream and immense numbers of wild fowl make their homes on the islands. The waters are full of fish and the natives raise valuable sheep.

"Baby Mine" Elected Him.

Isaac W. in Shick, who died recently in Poland at the age of 84, was one of the most notable characters that ever lived in Milwaukee as home and it was in that city that he was twice elected Congress, and he could have gone over had he so desired. "Baby Mine" was the song that elected him to the Congress. He ran for Congress in the outwards of the city—in the thickly populated districts where the Polish vote—he visited the humble homes, staid the children on his knee, and the mothers and sang "Baby Mine" the babies. He sang it on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce whistling was dull. Every where he was called upon for his favoring and never failed to respond.

Mrs. Rolf Haines has placed a four-act play, entitled "Heart of Adame," at the Bingham.



INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN HOUSE AT YAKUTAT BAY.

among the Indians, will be far more comfortable than those we know. And then, who knows, the squaw may feel as we do about her carps and her curtains!

ROOSEVELT AND THE FVL

How He Caught the Gamecock "Old Bill" Sewall's.

Up in Island Falls, Aroostook county, lived a rugged farmer, a backwoodsman familiarly known as "Old Bill" Sewall, and to his use one day in autumn about two years ago, came a rather dapper youth, armed with a gun and a fishing rod, and looking for a place to board for a few months while he "shed it" for the benefit of his head. The youth was Theodore Roosevelt, New York, and he was made welcome. For many weeks, accompanied "Bill" Sewall and Wilbur Dow, a big man living in the neighborhood, the newcomer went hunting and fishing and gradually color came to his face and strength to his legs. If he was slight and rather feeble he had plenty of grit, and soon won the friendship and admiration of all the woodsmen in the island section. They said that, at least at first sight the young tourist was game to the backbone, sticking to it was any help they might turn out all right. Many stories are told by those who remember Roosevelt's day when, with Sewall and Dow, he went on a long tramp through the woods after

through six different states that morning nine men read the name of a college classmate in the list, and, for the first time in all their lives grew serious. The bearer of the name was sent on sick leave to his home in Pittsburgh, a medal for special bravery on his coat, and a bullet in his head. One morning I walked into the sick soldier's room and found him sleeping. For an hour he lay thus, then turned "Why-w-w-why! 'Shorty,' is that you? D-d-did we score? Did that scheme work?—I'm hurt. T-take out time. There were seven hundred Scrubs—I mean Phil-Philspanios in the rush line. When the game began they meant to murder us. The half was nearly up—'They were inside our five-yard line—we lost the ball—got out of ammunition—Score was 'thirteen, fifteen, nineteen' dead men—it was our last down—I knew a scheme—would work—I asked the captain!—Where were you? I must have had to give the signals. We worked a flying wedge with a long double pass, then I got out and ran for it. I had all their ammunition and had dodged their full-back coming in. The men were cheering—Oh! but it was glorious—I must have gone out of bounds, for oh! My head!—I think we—Did we score?—I think—I know I got there just in-time," and with his teeth set in the old way, and that old smile of triumph on his face, he fell back on the pillows—dead. At the funeral the pall-bearers were his nine classmates. That night we tried to have a little supper at the Seventh Avenue hotel. We sat down, but by some mismanagement ten plates were laid instead of nine. We tried to

after the first. I sat there until the fourth bullet hit the pipe and knocked the bowl off the stem, and then the shooter sauntered up to me and laughingly said:

"Excuse me, stranger, but I thought it was imitation." "Same as you are," I replied. "My gibe hurt him, but he was man enough to tell everybody about my nerve, and the boys chipped in sufficient nuggets to buy me this \$50 smoker."

"Nerve! Say, do you know what happened to me when I made an excuse to go upstairs after my old corn-cob? I had no sooner got into my room than my knees gave out, chills galloped up my spine and I'll be hanged if I didn't faint away and lie there for ten minutes."

"It had suddenly occurred to me that the bowl of that pipe was only six inches from my nose while the fellow was doing his shooting, and I have not yet got over touching my nasal organ now and then to see if it is safe."

Holland's Queen a Sportswoman.

While Queen Wilhelmina has been staying at Schwerin she has taken several motor trips with her brother-in-law, the grand duke of Mecklenburg. The queen, who is already an invincible skater, a fine horsewoman and can drive a coach and four, is said to be enchanted with the new sport, and has ordered an automobile to be made for her.

What we love to do we find time to do.